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SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

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Without Concealment—Without Compromise.
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JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, Corresponding Editor.

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Pro-Slavery.

From the Charleston Mercury.

Epitaph on the late General
Alfred Pickens, at Charleston
Subject: Pickens, streptus qui Acherontis arari.

Sir:—The happiness which the Mantuan bard ascribes to those whose minds have been freed by philosophy from all groundless fears, I presume, for many years been yours.

Trained at Harvard in all liberal arts, and exercising for the greater part of your life the Christian Ministry, you ought to be one of the last persons in our country to waste your energies in needless panics, and spend your declining days in efforts which are worse than Quixotic. Pardon me if I speak plainly. The matters at issue between us call for faithful dealing, and as I write over my own signature you will not, I am satisfied, complain of the utmost candor, provided it be accompanied with that courtesy which becomes a gentleman and a Christian, and above all, a Christian Minister.

Though personally unknown to you, I am a son of your Alma Mater, and frequently, while a student, attended your ministrations in Boston, in company with an honored friend now no more.

I regret to see that you have become a political Abolitionist, and that your chief aim in Congress seems to be to urge forward, through that body, an emancipation of our negroes.

That you are influenced by philanthropic motives, I will not presume to question. That you confidently look forward to ultimate success, I take for granted. That you are sustained and cheered in your progress by that inward testimony of meaning right and doing right, which every conscientious person prizes so highly, it is not for me to gainsay. It is not with your conscience that I have at present to deal. My wish is to address myself entirely to your judgment, and, if possible, to convince you by solid arguments and straight-forward statements, that, as a politician, you are pursuing the very worst course to attain your ends.

You wish Slavery to be abolished in the United States. You desire that the States of the Union should give up the institution of domestic servitude. You desire to place the slaves on a footing with themselves as freemen, and entitled to all the privileges of freemen. This is the cause to which, as I understand your position, you have devoted yourself; and at a time of life when, I presume, the retirement of the study would be far more congenial to your tastes and former pursuits, you are mingling in the dust and strife of the political arena, and measuring unequal weapons with professed statesmen.

Of the evils of Slavery I mean not to speak. Perhaps if you had been labouring as long as I have to emancipate our slaves from the bondage of sin and Satan, you would attach less importance to a mere temporal condition. Or if you can produce in any part of Africa better specimens of the race than are found in the state of servitude in the Southern States, I shall be surprised. But I desire to meet you on your own ground, and would show how impolitic you are in your measures.

As an American citizen you of course admit that the Constitution of the United States is to be rigidly adhered to. Nor do I suppose you would be willing to triumph in your cause, if you could produce in any part of Africa better specimens of the race than are found in the state of servitude in the Southern States, I shall be surprised. But I desire to meet you on your own ground, and would show how impolitic you are in your measures.

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ly which we should surrender to the tender consciences of our Northern brethren. Yet such a scheme has not been broached in the only place where it would seem appropriate—in the Halls of Congress itself.

May I not presume that you have some reasons for not initiating the philanthropists of Great Britain in their West India movement? It will not here be good British authorities to show that their efforts have proved a failure. Nor will I invite you to contemplate the prospect of the whole of the West India Islands becoming confederated with the Southern States in case you should drive us out of the Union by your aggressive and offensive movements on the subject of Slavery. But I will only ask one or two questions as to the propriety of such a course. Certainly not to the Abolitionists. For while they spend, I understand, a good deal in printing pamphlets, &c. to enlighten the public mind upon the evils of Slavery and the blessings of abolition, they seem to overlook what is in the South seems a perfectly sensible and practical way of exhibiting their sympathy, viz: by buying up as many of their African brethren as they choose to do, and disposing of them afterwards precisely as they please. Has Congress funds enough to pay us for our slaves? Certainly not—without special taxation. Will our Northern brethren submit to special taxation for this purpose? Will they give a little more for their tea and coffee, and sugar and salt, to procure for the negroes the sweets of liberty and approbation? Will they give a little more for their tea and coffee, and sugar and salt, to procure for the negroes the sweets of liberty and approbation?

But again: What is to be done with the slaves, should their freedom be purchased? Will you remove them? or are they to settle here. Will you buy our lands too? Or must we adopt an agrarian system, and divide these with our negroes, share and share alike? Well, suppose it done on the most approved scale, under the very eye of commissioners appointed by Congress, say Mr. Hale, Mr. Giddings, and yourself. Are you, Sir, so unacquainted, I will not say with the state of things at the South, but at the North, as not to see that the question you are urging upon us is not emancipation, but amalgamation? The negroes at the North are already emancipated, but do they amalgamate? In your recent speech in Congress, you tried to show how, in solitary instances, an approximation to amalgamation had taken place, but the offence you naturally felt at the reasonable inquiry of a member from Tennessee, whether you were willing that the coloured boy, whom you spoke of as "rivalling" for the honours of Harvard your own son and the son of my friend Mr. Rhet, should be admitted into full and free social intercourse with your family, satisfied me that you are not prepared for the very result after which you are professedly aiming.

If the conventional usages of society, even in free Massachusetts, would render it reasonable to you such great and important services—your services as such back into servitude! The new Republic will accomplish what the Republic of 1792 proclaimed. You shall again become free. There shall no longer be a slave on the soil of liberty. In our colonies as well as in continental France, every man who inhabits the land shall be free. You will prove yourselves worthy of it, for you have been so. And when Slavery shall have disappeared, our descendants will exclaim with pride—it was to the revolution of 1848 that the final abolition of Slavery was due. Vive la République.

This was re-echoed by repeated cries of "Vive la République! Vive le Gouvernement Provisoire!" In abolishing Slavery, "we have only proclaimed the principles which dwell in the hearts of all mankind." Such is the language of a French Republic! Noble as the expression is, yet we are under the painful necessity of declaring that it is too general in its application. In the free Republic of the United States there are men who declare that Slavery is a blessing—a positive good—a natural order of society—and without it a Republic cannot endure! Hence we find men, not only in the slave States of the South, but in the free States of the North, who insist upon the propriety of extending the institution of Slavery over more acres—in favour of supplanting Freedom where it now exists, and establishing on free soil the institution of Slavery! Can a principle so repugnant to nature and liberty, so contrary to the true genius of Republicanism, be supported by any considerable number of our people? No, it cannot!

We hesitate not to declare that this Republic cannot long endure if this principle prevails. And the sooner it is abandoned the better; for abandoned it must be. To extend an institution so odious as that of human slavery, into that vast area of territory which we shall acquire from Mexico, would degrade a free people, and give the lie to all our professions in favour of liberty. Slavery, confined to its present limits, is a dark spot on Liberty's soil. While we of the North deny that we have any power to interfere with the institution where it is already planted, or where it may hereafter exist by the authority of sovereign States, we emphatically refuse to permit its extension into free territory, which is subject to the will of all the States, through the National Legislature, chosen in part by each.

Perhaps there has been no time when the impression has been so general and so strong in this country that West India emancipation has proved a failure as now. The accounts of ruin and distress among the planters of the British Islands, which have lately come to us, are not only giving a triumph to the upholders of tyranny here but are making even some of the friends of emancipation waver, and question whether, after all, the question is not a more doubtful one than they have been supposing. That distress does exist, and to a very serious extent among the British West India planters, cannot be denied. The question is, whether that distress is the result of a large meeting of planters which had taken place the Thursday preceding, to take into consideration their present lamentable condition. The meeting was presided over by the Mayor of the city, assisted by a senior magistrate and several members of the House of Assembly, and was composed, says the Journal, of not less than three thousand persons. It may fairly be considered as an authentic exposition of the sentiments of the planters of Jamaica. Now, let those who expect to find in the report of such a meeting, bitter denunciations of the "fanatics" who had ruined them by bringing about emancipation, and clamorous demands upon the mother-country to restore to them the "property," of which they had been wrongfully despoiled, read the following extract from the speech of the Rev. Mr. Oughton, which occupies five of the ten columns of the Journal devoted to the report, and observe the manner in which it was received; and observe also the fact that though much was said, and said strongly and bitterly, against the grievous taxation of the mother country, not a single word was said by any of the speakers against the emancipation of their slaves:

"The Rev. S. Oughton rose amidst much applause. He said he had been requested to move a resolution which he did with the more readiness, from the conviction that it would meet with the cordial and hearty support of the meeting. It was an Anti-Slavery resolution, and he was assured that there was not an individual present who did not regard Slavery as a great calamity, and a heinous sin or would not step forward to lend a helping hand to benefit his poor enslaved brother."

After reading the resolution, which demands, as a measure of justice the restoration of the discriminating duties in favour of free labour sugar, and making some further remarks, he goes on—
"But I came here principally as an Anti-Slavery

Selections.

From the New York Globe.

SLAVERY IN THE MOUTH OF LIBERTY.

There are some few men in the United States who consider African slavery an institution necessary to the full enjoyment of liberty! The Legislature of South Carolina publishes the world an express, in which they declare that a Republic cannot long endure in which Slavery does not exist! They appealed to the history of the world to prove the soundness of the monstrous doctrine. We quoted from this address at the time, and made a few short comments upon the singularity of the argument.—Harsh epithets were applied to us by the South Carolina papers on account of our remarks. It is to us an unaccountable fact that there are some few men in this land of "liberty and equality," who say they believe that Slavery is the corner-stone of Republicanism, and that without it republican Government cannot endure. Such, however, is not the opinion of those devoted friends of Liberty and Democracy who have just proclaimed France a Republic! It is known that France has several colonies in which Slavery exists. The number of slaves in these colonies at this time, we cannot accurately compute. The latest census published by the authority of the French Government, which we have seen, is that taken in 1834. At that time the population of the three following named colonies was as annexed:

Free Whites.	Slaves.
Isle of Bourbon 17,027	45,000
Guadeloupe 28,748	96,685
Martinique 36,766	73,233
Total 82,551	214,918

It is probable that at this time the number of slaves greatly exceeds what it was in 1834. Our readers are aware that the Provisional Government of France, among its first acts, declared in favour of the abolition of Slavery in French colonies, and took immediate measures to carry the decree into effect. Subsequently, a deputation of negroes and mulattoes were commissioned to express to the Provisional Government of the Republic the gratitude of their fellow-citizens for this noble act of emancipation. M. Crémieux, one of the members of the new Government, addressed the deputation, in reply to their address expressive of their gratitude, as follows:

Fellow citizens, friends, brothers: I am happy to hail you in the name of the Provisional Government of the Republic, every part of which has entertained the great thought of emancipating such of your fellow-countrymen as still remain in slavery. Slavery, slavery in the midst of liberty! Why, this is the most odious, the most affecting inconsistency. Distinctions between men! This is a violation of the law both of God and man. (Loud applause.) We have only proclaimed the principles which dwell in the hearts of all mankind. We have only proclaimed that immortal assembly, which restored you all to freedom, but the error of a great man again placed you under the yoke which you had believed was broken forever.

You, who, having been slaves, had become freemen, rendered to the liberty which had been restored to you such great and important services—your services as such back into servitude! The new Republic will accomplish what the Republic of 1792 proclaimed. You shall again become free. There shall no longer be a slave on the soil of liberty. In our colonies as well as in continental France, every man who inhabits the land shall be free. You will prove yourselves worthy of it, for you have been so. And when Slavery shall have disappeared, our descendants will exclaim with pride—it was to the revolution of 1848 that the final abolition of Slavery was due. Vive la République.

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From the Boston Courier.

EMANCIPATION IN THE WEST INDIES.

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After reading the resolution, which demands, as a measure of justice the restoration of the discriminating duties in favour of free labour sugar, and making some further remarks, he goes on—
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man. (Cheers.) Much has been said about the Anti-Slavery principles of some who united in this movement. He was not responsible for the principles of others; but for himself, whatever others might be, he was proud to believe that none could doubt the sincerity of his Anti-Slavery principles. With those principles he had entered into life, and to them, under every change of circumstances, he had steadfastly adhered, until they seemed incorporated with his very nature and could not be removed; they were part and parcel of himself; they were like his skin, and to get rid of them they must tear away both skin and muscle, and leave nothing but the skeleton behind. (Loud applause.)

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that we shall sit here, with silent tongues and sealed lips, and suffer such bills as this to pass this body? I assure them, most respectfully, that we shall oppose all attempts to involve our people in the expense, the guilt, or disgrace of Slavery. No Northern man has ever, to my knowledge, introduced that question here, except for the purpose of arousing the people of the free States to its support. No, Sir; if any Southern man can point to an instance in which members from the North have brought the question of Slavery into this Hall, except to defend our people from the encroachments of that institution, let them now rise and sustain their charges with proof. [Mr. G. paused a moment, and then resumed.] Mr. Speaker, where are those gentlemen who made these charges? Will Sir, "they now roar you gently as sucking doves?"

I now proceed to examine the case before us. I repeat, that the claim is entirely unsupported by proof. But the petitioner states that she is the widow of Benjamin Hodges, late of Maryland; that she owned a slave who, in 1814, was taken away in August from this city to the Chesapeake Bay. Now, Sir, this statement of the case gives the petitioner no claim upon this Government, unless we have become bound by some act of ours. This seems well understood by the petitioner, and by the Committee who reported the bill. They therefore refer to our treaty of peace with Great Britain, signed at Ghent on the 24th December, 1814; the first article of which provides, "that each party shall evacuate all territory, places, and possessions, taken during the war," without destruction, or carrying away any of the artillery or other public property originally captured in said forts or places, and which shall remain therein upon the exchange of ratifications of this treaty, or any slaves or other private property.

Our Government claimed, under this treaty, that England should pay our slaveholders for all slaves taken from our shores by the British fleet when they left our coast. England refused, and the subject was referred to the Emperor of Russia. He decided that the British Government was bound to pay for slaves thus carried away when they left our shores, after the signing of the treaty. This led to the treaty of St. Petersburg, signed on the 17th November, 1825, by the first article of which provision is made for establishing a board, consisting of two commissioners and two arbitrators, to determine the claims presented by the people of this Government. This board were constituted the joint agents of both Governments. His Britannic Majesty appointed one commissioner and one arbitrator; and the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, appointed the other commissioner and one arbitrator. England never trusted this board to Congress for distribution; that was to be done by the joint commission. The second article provided for the ascertaining of the average value of slaves.

The third article reads as follows: When the average value of slaves shall have been ascertained and fixed, the two commissioners shall constitute a board for the examination of the claims which are to be submitted to them, and they shall not be required to make payment for any claim for private property not contained in said list.

There is no pretence that the slave in question was named in said list. The report of the Committee admits that he was not. [Calls from various parts of the Hall were made for the reading of this article again. Mr. G. again read it, and proceeded.] This, Sir, was our distinct compact with Great Britain. We solemnly stipulated that no claims should be made on that Government, nor should they be required to make compensation for claims other than those contained in the list furnished by our Secretary of State. To-day we are called on to appropriate this money to the payment of other claims. We are asked to violate this solemn treaty, to disregard the pledged faith of the State, and to give the slaveholder the value of the body of the slave and muscles, the blood and sinews, of his fellow-man.

But, Sir, in order that no room for cavil should be left, the fifth article provided that "the decision of the two commissioners, or a majority of the board, shall in all cases be conclusive as to number, value, or the ownership of slaves, or other property for which indemnity is to be made." [Calls from various parts of the Hall were made for the reading of this article again. Mr. G. again read it, and proceeded.] This, Sir, was our distinct compact with Great Britain. We solemnly stipulated that no claims should be made on that Government, nor should they be required to make compensation for claims other than those contained in the list furnished by our Secretary of State. To-day we are called on to appropriate this money to the payment of other claims. We are asked to violate this solemn treaty, to disregard the pledged faith of the State, and to give the slaveholder the value of the body of the slave and muscles, the blood and sinews, of his fellow-man.

Under this treaty, the members of this body were appointed, met in this city, organized, took the oath of office, and called on the Secretary of State for the list mentioned. It was furnished; but there was no list of slaves, and the slave was not on it. They were then to examine and adjudicate upon claims presented on said list. When they had completed their labours, they found the amount of all claims allowed on said list to be "twelve hundred and four thousand nine hundred and sixty dollars."—This was the precise amount of claims allowed by the board, who acted as the agents of Great Britain and of the United States. And on the 13th of November, 1825, the two commissioners, and the arbitrators, signed a certificate, in which they stated that they had examined and adjudicated upon the claims presented on said list, and that they found the amount of all claims allowed on said list to be "twelve hundred and four thousand nine hundred and sixty dollars."—This was the precise amount of claims allowed by the board, who acted as the agents of Great Britain and of the United States. And on the 13th of November, 1825, the two commissioners, and the arbitrators, signed a certificate, in which they stated that they had examined and adjudicated upon the claims presented on said list, and that they found the amount of all claims allowed on said list to be "twelve hundred and four thousand nine hundred and sixty dollars."—This was the precise amount of claims allowed by the board, who acted as the agents of Great Britain and of the United States. 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with prayer by as many pious hypocrites, headed by the Rev. Mr. Brainard, of this city.

On Wednesday the reverse of the comedy was going on in Independence Square, where General Cass and Thomas H. Benton were holding a levee for the accommodation of the Democracy. They both looked jaded and exhausted, and Mr. Benton particularly seemed just on the point of giving up the ghost. As for the General, he looked as if he would crowd out, by any possibility, presume too far upon his good-nature. In the meantime General Houston, (his Herculean frame towering above the crowd that followed him,) was scouring the walls of the square, passing every few hundred yards, in order to allow the gratified democracy a view of the animal standing. Nothing was wanting to complete the spectacle but the tambourine and the dancing bear. The trio left for your city in the morning train.

A National Reform Convention has also been in session in the city for several days. I attended but one of its meetings owing to want of time, but I am told that they were all highly interesting. Mrs. Townsend, a delegate to the Convention from Rhode Island, made a very animated speech, declaring that a genuine philanthropy extended to the whole human race, to the black as well as to the white man. During the discussions relative to the nomination of candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, a test was introduced, the effect of which was to exclude slaveholders from the nomination. One individual from New York expressed his desire to know whether he was attending the sessions of a National Reform Convention, or of an "abolition clinic," to which Mr. Snodgrass, of Baltimore very properly retorted by saying that he wished to know whether the Convention was a pro-slavery clique. The slave party, I am informed, withdrew on the adoption of the test, which adoption it is due to Mr. Snodgrass to say, was, in a great measure, owing to his exertions.

Other interesting events have transpired here since my last, but my letter is already too long.

Very truly, yours,
H. W. G.

Foreign Correspondence.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

Matters and things in Ireland.—Young Ireland and the British Government—difficulties in the way of Repeal—Condition of the people—the causes—Clubs—The blustering of Young Ireland—The new Session—John Mitchell—his principles—his measures—his character—Arrogant tone of the English press—Trial of Mitchell—State of Europe—an unnecessary apology.

DUBLIN, May 26, 1848.

MY DEAR GAY.—Since I wrote to you last we have been kept in hot water. No blows have been struck, no blood spilt, none of the terrible things that were threatened have been done—but of talk, bluster, and threats, there has been no end. The quarrel has all been between the Government and the Young Ireland party, headed by John Mitchell, William Smith O'Brien, and a number of very young barristers, who say that they are ready for anything and everything, provided only that they can expel the English dominion from Ireland, and make a nation of us once more. There are several little difficulties in the way. Ireland is full of British troops, and as Dublin is the focus of the prevalent disaffection, there were never so many soldiers in Dublin at any former time, as there are at this present writing. The British empire is at peace with all the world. The English interest is very strong in Ireland just now. There is a large number of quiet people who have possessions in flocks and herds, and much land—moneyed men—who talk of investments, shares, and such like. They, of whatever creed, are not much inclined to venture what they have got upon the bloody chances of a civil war, which would be sure to leave them losers, however it might end. If the Irish people were unanimous, which they are as little likely to be as any people on earth, I do not believe that even the tremendous military and naval power of England could hold them to their allegiance. No country containing eight millions of souls was ever held for any great length of time in subjection to another, against the consent of the intelligence and wealth of her people. Ireland is no exception. The condition of a large portion of our population is deplorable. It could hardly be worse than it is. The older I grow the more miserable and hopeless her condition appears to me. It is calculated that there are fully three millions of paupers in Ireland, who have not a shilling of their own in the world, nor the means of earning it—who do not own a bit of land, who are clad in rags, and have no prospect of anything better than the cold, cheerless and comfortless workhouse, or of starvation, in their miserable old age. It would be strange indeed if these were not disaffected. The poor farmers and the small shopkeepers are often not much better off. The larger farmers and the embarrassed landlords are overwhelmed by the oppressive demands for poor rate, which, combined with their debts and the expenditure requisite for the maintenance of their families in the style they have been used to, drive them to their wits' end. Numbers of these are now disaffected who blazed high with loyalty when they did as they pleased with their tenantry, drank toasts in honour of Protestant ascendancy, and were utterly irresponsible for the maintenance of that pauperism which they tended to multiply by their tyranny, aided by that suicidal policy for which the Government of the present day are reaping a heavy retribution.

We have a great many Young Ireland clubs in full operation, nearly all made of young fellows—
"Souls made of fire, and children of the Sun,
Whom revenge is virtue."

They are the nucleus of the pending revolution. Terrible talkers and extravagantly foolish. If their object were the most glorious and virtuous that the heart of man could conceive, they have abundantly proved that it must perish with such supporters. Their aim is the forcible separation of Great Britain and Ireland in the teeth of all opposition from all parts of this vast empire. War being a game made up of brute force, frauds, cunning, skill, and chance-medley, in pretty equal proportions, it is plain that no man is qualified to be a leader who cannot keep his own counsel—who cannot quietly plan and promptly execute. Now the Young Ireland writers and talkers have been acting in a way which, whatever credit it entitles them to for candour and magnanimity, as men who would scorn to take a shabby advantage, is very little calculated to promote their success as conspirators. They have kept up this agitation for months by an incessant torrent of threats as to what they were ready to do, and how they meant to go about it, and recommendations to their readers and hearers, and all Ireland, to follow their example. And the advice has been so well followed, that all who never meant to take part of the sedition, peaceable people like myself—of whom there is a vast number—are fairly sick of this intolerable quantity of menace with so very much less than a pennyworth of performance.

Like babies who begin to play "hide and seek," and who can't refrain from revealing the place of their concealment, these ardent but very silly politicians are so full of what they mean to do that they can't avoid telling even their most interested and able opponents all the plans they have resolved on, for demolishing and overthrowing them. When the monster steamship, the Great Britain, was launched somewhere near Bristol into a dock with an entrance so narrow that the vessel could not get out, I was greatly rejoiced, for I thought it a practical joke, so gross and so ridiculous that the English could never have the face to laugh at us again for our blunders. However, I now admit that in this species of manufacture the Young Ireland writers and orators have reasserted our national superiority. The Government have very prudently taken them at their word. Between troops and police, I suppose we have just now more than twice as many soldiers in Dublin as could be found in all the United States previous to your late glorious fray into Mexico. All our principal public buildings—Trinity College, the Bank of Ireland, the Lincen Hall, the Dublin Society

House, and every place that could be employed as a barracks is crammed with soldiers. Wherever you go, you see red coats; regiments of Highlanders, Riflemen, Artillery with trains of horse cannon, parade the streets with all the ostentation of military array, drawn swords and glittering bayonets. The Young Irelanders have nothing to oppose to all this but the wordy war of speeches and newspaper articles. And for their speeches and articles the Government is now prosecuting them. It must be admitted that they did not begin till they had ample provocation. I do not believe, that since the first formation of Governments, such defiant language has so long been allowed to pass unrebuked. Until within a few weeks the law for the punishment of seditious writing or speaking was extremely indefinite in Ireland, while it subjected the offender in England to the penalties of high treason, including hanging, drawing, quartering, and so forth. By a recent act passed to meet this discrepancy, the law has been assimilated in both countries, the offence of deliberate writing and speaking, with a view to excite war against the Queen, (that is the Government,) or obliging her by threats of force or violence to change her measures, is constituted a felony, punishable with transportation for life, or for any term not less than seven years. The punishment of death is abolished for this offence, but remains as before for the actual crime of taking up arms with this object, or in short, for doing what the others only threaten or recommend to be done.

The trial of the most prominent of the Young Ireland party, and the greatest and most daring offender under the new act, John Mitchell, is to take place to day. He is the editor of the United Irishman, a paper distinguished above all those ever published in Ireland for the audacity of its language and its outspoken hostility to the continuance of any shape or form of English Government or aristocratic influence in Ireland. His style is earnest, nervous, clear, and forcible. He says the very things, and in the very way that the mass of the people like them to be said. He panders to the fall to their national antipathies, denounces political economy, the landlords, the Government, and O'Connellism. This O'Connellism you must know, means those ridiculous professions of the Great Agitator, as to the value of moral force, in obtaining measures of political amelioration—and of all reform whatever being dearly purchased at the expense of a single drop of blood. These doctrines were ridiculous, because O'Connell's whole career was a contradiction to them. His life was spent in aiming at political changes by the agency of talk, aided by the exhibition of physical force, and of well managed threats as to what so many millions of men could do if provoked to desperation. Mitchell disowns O'Connellism altogether, scorns this practice of inducing the people to pay for "work and labour done" by their political leaders, and lastly, he makes no appeal to the priests. Most of the priests stand aloof from him—a few are his open staunch adherents, but all, with few exceptions, would I doubt not, heartily rejoice if he could do all that he threatens to do. Their day would come then. The great majority of the Irish people—that is to say, all the poor Irish—are heart and soul for Mitchell's objects, but they are more with the priests, and if ever we have an Irish Republic, (which Heaven forbid!) whoever may be the Conscript Fathers, the clergy will pull the strings and rule the roost.

Mitchell is, I believe, an attorney by profession—but he has thrown away the law since he embarked on the stormy sea of politics. He is a fine looking fellow—with the air of great energy, earnestness, and determination. His private character is said to be good, and I have no doubt whatever of his uprightness and disinterestedness. He seems to have become crazed by brooding over the past wrongs and present misery of Ireland, and to have come to the resolution that no change shall be made by any means, could be for the worse. Believing, as I do, that the sword is the clumsiest and least efficient of all ways of making wrong right, and being convinced that the people would be utterly at the mercy of the Government, and their well appointed forces, in the event of an outbreak, I look on the projects of these fanatical patriots with unmingled abhorrence—as not only wicked, but foolish and mistaken. Yet I cannot help sympathizing with such a man as Mitchell, with all his wrong-headedness. I know that he has cause to be angry. I have faith in his integrity. I cannot but admit that much of what he says is true, and in the present state of exasperation and alienation that exists towards England, and with the consciousness that the maintenance of our aristocratic form of Government is inconsistent with all measures necessary to the prosperity of Ireland, I feel that there is little hope for this unfortunate country. I do not doubt that as far as consists with the interests of their class, the intentions of the English Government towards Ireland are good; but they are Englishmen—and as such they cannot help partaking of that dislike and contempt which prevail in England towards Ireland. The English papers, particularly those published in London, are full of the most galling and contemptuous language respecting us. This might be very natural if it were exhibited by undisguised conquerors, but coming from those who claim a union with us, and recent its repeal as the death blow of their national greatness, it seems very odd. I admit, that a vast majority of the Irish people are steeped in poverty, prejudice, superstition, and ignorance—that they live in miserable dwellings, rendered more wretched by sloth and the absence of cleanliness, and the appliances of civilization—but I say that with our past history and the present state of the laws that regulate landed property, it would be impossible that things could be otherwise. Whilst the tenant farmer holds by a short lease, or at the will of his landlord, he would be a fool to build himself a good house, or drain his land, or manure it, or attempt rotations of crops, or to any of those things which are indispensable to the improvement of his land, because the landlord may eject him and take possession of all his improvements. In fact, as matters stand, the struggle is between the property and the people of Ireland. So far the former have the upper hand, as they certainly have the Government entirely on their side.

It would be difficult to give you an idea of the excitement caused by the trial of Mitchell amongst all our politicians. There is a much larger class here than with you, who care nothing for politics, and ask nothing about them. It is said that the jury is packed—that is to say, selected from a class known to be unfavourable to the prisoner—and I believe it. This being the case, he has no chance of escape; and as threats are the order of the day, it has been threatened, amongst other things, that even if he should be convicted and sentenced to transportation, the Young Irelanders would not allow him to be removed from the country. If they had been in earnest they would have kept the intention to themselves. But being only a parcel of silly youths, they could not. The result is, that the Government is said to have taken extraordinary precaution against a surprise, and that if there be a conviction, Mitchell will be immediately removed from Ireland. Four war steamers came into Dublin yesterday, in addition to some that were already lying there. He is a sanguine man who can look forward to bright days for Ireland, through the gloom of famine, poverty, and evil passions that hang over her head.

The Emperor of Austria has fled from Vienna; things are extremely unsettled in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. The strongest condemnation of the past state of all these countries as well as of Ireland, is to be found in their present condition. If they had been properly governed, with a view to the good of the people instead of the aggrandizement of the rulers, their present struggle for a better state of things would not be accompanied, as it is, by violence, convulsions, and anarchy.

With all our troubles, we have charming weather and—very present prospect of a fine harvest. I suppose that here never was a greater breadth of land sown than is now to be seen. If some bad laws were abolished, some wild spirits allayed, and a greater spirit of moral independence more prevalent amongst us, I would not despair of a better state of things. Amidst all the turmoil, thousands of honest heads and hearts are

labouring for the true prosperity of Ireland. I would not wonder if you were tired of all my politics—but how can I speak of anything else in the present condition of the country? A gossiping letter is always pleasant to one filled with such dull details as I now send you. But I could not gossip under our present circumstances.

Yours, truly,
RICHARD D. WEBB.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—Miscellaneous: Lamartine; The Model Baby; Playing at Poverty; The Burners and Old Honkers; Passion for Surgery; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—Proslavery: Letter to Rev. John G. Palfrey. Selections: Slavery in the midst of Liberty; Emancipation in the West Indies; Decrease of Population in Cuba; Speech of Mr. Giddings.

Warren.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Beckwith, of Albion, Mr. NELSON BOSTWICK, of Rochester, to Miss MALVINA A. TREADWELL, of the former place.

In Hingham, (Mass.) June 6, Mr. SAMUEL CROSBY, of the firm of Brackett & Crosby, of this city, to Miss SARAH ELIZABETH, daughter of the late Martin Lincoln, Esq. of Hingham.

In Fayal April 26, Mr. J. W. G. STACPOLE, of Boston, to Mrs. PATRICKSON, daughter of the late John B. Dabney, Esq. formerly American Consul at Fayal.

Birth.

In Boston, 2d instant, LOUISA CATHERINE, wife of M. D. Kimball, and daughter of T. B. Wales, Esq. aged 36. In Salem, Hon. JOSHUA HOLMES WARD, aged 39, only son of the late Joshua Ward, and grandson of the late venerable and venerated Augustus Holyoke.

In Greenville, (S. C.) May 24, EMMA E. wife of Hon. Waddy Thompson, for many years M. C. from South Carolina, and subsequently Minister to Mexico. In Oswego, Kosciusko county, Indiana, on the 10th ultimo, Dr. ZENAS C. JOHNSON, brother of the editor of The Blackstone Chronicle, aged about 45 years.

On the 1st instant, at his residence, St. John's Wood, (England,) aged 41 years, Mrs. Anderson, the vocalist, daughter of Bartolucci, the celebrated engraver, and sister to Madame Vestris.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.—Arrival of the Acadia.

The steamship Acadia, Capt. Jarvis, arrived here on Saturday morning, about 11 o'clock, in a little less than fourteen days from Liverpool. We have collated from various sources, all the news she brings. It will be observed to be of considerable interest.

FRANCE.—The festival of the Champ de Mars, which has been postponed from time to time, was held on the 21st inst. It passed off without the slightest disturbance. The congratulatory Resolutions of the United States Congress had been communicated to the Government by Mr. Rush, the American Minister. They were replied to in a brief speech by M. de Lamartine, and a Committee appointed to prepare an address to be sent to the United States Government.

A debate ensued in the Assembly on the 23d inst. on the affairs of Poland, in which M. Lamartine reiterated the principles of non-interference, which he has before avowed.

A decree of Exile is proposed of the Orleans Family. The President of the Assembly had received letters from the Prince de Joinville, and the Duc d'Aumale, and de Nemours, protesting against the Decree. A sort of diary, purporting to have been kept by de Joinville, and breathing the most liberal spirit, has been published in the Presse. The purpose of its publication was doubtless to pave the way for the return of the Prince to France, either as a Prince or a simple citizen.

From Lyons we have the following account: The city of Lyons was much disturbed on the 17th particularly the neighbourhood of the Croix-Rousse, in consequence of the uncertainty which prevailed as to the state of Paris. In the course of the night, about 500 or 600 men of the National Workshops reversed the town in arms, and proceeded to the residence of M. Martin-Bernard, the Government Commissary, to demand the enlargement of the prisoners. Some arrests took place. The workmen made a demonstration against the Palais de Justice, to get their comrades liberated. The accounts since received from Lyons are of a most deplorable character. Disturbances commenced in that city on the morning of 19th instant, which continued throughout the day, and assumed in the evening a truly serious character. Barricades were erected, and the red flag once more hoisted. On the previous day had been liberated on the injunction of the revolution. The local authorities were no longer recognized, and the insurgents were masters of the city. Fresh disorders appeared imminent. On the 23d, the situation of Lyons was very alarming. Almost all the barricades which had been erected are still standing, with the exception of those near the Bernardins.

A bloody conflict has taken place at Toulon, between the troops and the operatives of the dockyards, the latter of whom had seized the arsenal.

ITALY.—In Naples a collision has taken place between the King's troops and the people. The treachery of the King in not keeping faith under the new Constitution was the cause. Great slaughter, and consequent plunder and distress ensued.

The Provisional Government of Milan and Venice have decreed the necessity of an amalgamation of Lombardy with Piedmont to drive the Austrians out of Italy.

AUSTRIA.—Vienna is in a state of anarchy. The students of the University are the real party in power. The ministry is dissolved, and the royal family fled to Innsbruck.

RUSSIA.—The King of Prussia opened the Assembly of the States under the Prussian Constitution on the 22d ult.

THE POLES have suffered another defeat. SPAIN.—A2 insurrection took place at Seville on the 13th. It was confined to the military. Order was restored the next day. Sir Henry Bulwer, who has made himself obnoxious for his interference in Spanish affairs, was ordered by the Government to leave the country. He has arrived in England.

DENMARK.—Negotiations for peace have been set on foot, and a final settlement of difficulties between the Danes and German Confederacy seems probable.

From SWEDEN the news is not so favourable. ENGLAND.—Mr. Hume has postponed his motion on the subject of Reform till the 20th of this month. For the state of affairs in Ireland we refer to the letter of our Dublin correspondent.

ONE WEEK LATER.—On Tuesday evening, the Cunard steamer America arrived at Boston, in the unprecedented short passage of ten days and eight hours, including stoppage at Halifax. She sailed from Liverpool on the 3d inst. Her news were received in this city by Telegraph on Wednesday morning, and we have room and time only for a very condensed report of it. Mitchell, who was convicted of treason on the 26th, was sentenced on the 27th to fourteen years transportation to Bermuda. He was immediately forwarded to his destination to be incarcerated the first year on board a dock-yard bulk.

His wife and children have been adopted by the Repealers, and a subscription set on foot for their maintenance. The types of the United Irishman have been seized by the Government, but a new paper is to be immediately started, to be called The Irish Felon.

Some disturbances have taken place in London, Bradford, Manchester, Leeds, and other places, but they have been immediately suppressed. The sentence of Mitchell was seized upon by the Chartist as a means of excitement.

At Paris there is entire quiet. The Assembly meets daily surrounded by large bodies of troops. Their determination to break up Louis Blanc's system of organization of labour has caused deep resentment. It is proposed to distribute a large body of Ouvriers in the provinces, and thus lessen the danger in the Capital. Louis Blanc is proved to have been concerned in the recent attempt at revolution and is to be tried.

Fresh disturbances have broken out at Lyons.—Rothschild's model farm has been burned by incendiaries.

A collision has taken place between the Danes and Germans, and great numbers killed on both sides.

General Items.

Anti-Slavery Movement in Ohio.—A so-called "People's Convention" is called by some three thousand of the voters of Ohio, two-thirds of them Whigs, one-third of them Locofocos and Liberty men, but pledged to support no man for President who is in favour of annexing slave territory to the Union or any territory over which Slavery may extend. The Convention is called for the 21st of June at Columbus, after the Whig and Locofoco National Conventions, and avowedly with the purpose of taking a third man if the candidate of the two parties are in any manner pro-slavery in their opinions.

Captain Slater, of the schooner I. B. Gager, who arrived at this port on Friday, 19th, from Sierra Leone, informs us that on the 15th of April two Brazilian slave schooners were brought into Sierra Leone as prizes to British men-of-war. One of them had four hundred slaves on board, but the other was only fitted up for the reception of them. Capt. S. saw no American men-of-war while he was on the African coast.

John Jacob Astor's Heirs.—Charles Astor Bristed, one of Mr. Astor's grand-children and heirs, has remitted to Washington city, nine hundred dollars, to be expended in the redemption from Slavery of the fugitives of the Pearl. The donation was entirely voluntary, and unsolicited, and was made by him immediately upon learning that these slaves were to be sold. This young gentleman graduated at Yale College, with distinguished honour, a few years since, and completed his education at the University of Cambridge, in England, where though a stranger, and an American, he carried off the highest honours. A youth spent as his has been, and acts like the one we have mentioned above, give reason to hope that the wealth of Astor may prove a source of good, and not "the root of all evil."—Cincinnati Herald.

Slaves Liberated.—The Cincinnati Commercial says:—
"A venerable gentleman from the South, who has been stopping for several days at the Broadway Hotel, has liberated six slaves, who had accompanied him to that city. He did not turn them loose upon their own resources—but provided for their present and future sustenance."

NOTICES.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The sixth Annual Meeting of the WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held at Salem Columbian hall, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 16th, 17th, and 18th of August, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. Let a full representation of the slaves' friends come up on this occasion from all parts of the Great West. The political leaders are marshalling their hosts for a conflict, their followers are rallying by hundreds of thousands to the support of their party banners. Time, and money, and labour are expended to secure their object. And shall the friends of Freedom, whose faith should be strong in the power of Truth, be lukewarm and indifferent while politicians are so earnest in their labours, so untiring in their zeal? The events of the past year should encourage us to renewed effort, for every movement of importance which has been made, having a bearing upon the question of Slavery, foreshadows the destruction of the system, and the oppressors feel that it is so. The political parties will make a desperate effort to save themselves from the destruction their corruption has brought upon them; and the efforts of the Abolitionists to maintain and enforce the Right should be proportionally great. Arrangements should be made at the coming meeting to continue the Anti-Slavery agitation by the lips of the living speaker, and to extend more widely the circulation of the Society's paper the Anti-Slavery Bogle. Let none of the friends who can be there, absent themselves for any light cause, for the presence of all, and the counsel of all is desirable.

Besides the friends of Liberty in the West who will be present on the occasion, HENRY C. WRIGHT and C. C. BOLLEIGH, are expected to be in attendance, and perhaps other representatives of the East.

LOT HOLMES, Recording Sec.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The friends of human freedom will hold a Convention at Wilkinton, (Ct.) on Tuesday, July 4th, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. and continuing through the day. All, of whatever class, condition, or sect, are invited to attend.

S. S. Foster, and Abby Kester Foster will attend, and address the meeting.

JAMES B. WHITCOMB, Pres.

L. BURLINGH, Sec.

ONE HUNDRED CONVENTIONS.

Eastern Series.

The Anti-Slavery Conventions in the Eastern part of the State will be held as follows; commencing in

Stamford, Essex county, Saturday and Sunday, June 17 and 18.

Reading, (Lectures by P. Pillsbury.) Tuesday evening, June 20, and following evenings.

Medford, (Lecture by W. W. Brown.) Tuesday evening, June 20.

West Cambridge, (do. do.) Thursday, June 22d.

Lawrence, (Annual Meeting Essex County Society,) Saturday and Sunday, June 24 and 25.

Groton, Wednesday and Thursday, 28 and 29.

Gloucester, Saturday and Sunday, July 1 and 2.

Longmeadow, (Plymouth county,) Tuesday, July 4.

The above Conventions will be attended by Parker Pillsbury and W. W. Brown. Agents of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and others of which due notice may be expected, from time to time. For the meeting at Lawrence, see the official notice of the Secretaries of the Essex County Anti-Slavery Society.

The announcement of Conventions in the interior part of the State must be deferred till next week.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr., General Agent Mass. A. S. Society.

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The result of the effort made last year by the Abolitionists of the West, to hold an Anti-Slavery Fair, was abundantly gratifying; and fully demonstrated the practicability and usefulness of the plan. The Call was promptly responded to by many, the avails of whose labour greatly aided the Western Anti-Slavery Society, and enabled it to prosecute its work with renewed vigour. The exigencies of the cause demand as much sacrifice and effort now as were needed then. The victory of Freedom is not yet won—the clank of the bondman's fetters has not yet ceased—American women are still chattered and imbruted. The blighting influence that Slavery has extended over the South and over the North, still exists—the Church is not yet purified of its iniquity, nor the State redeemed from its degradation. We, therefore, friends of the slave, appeal to you again—we appeal to your love of Liberty—to your reverence for the Eternal principles of Right; and ask you to bring this year another offering that may be used for the dissemination of Anti-Slavery Truth—for the increase of Anti-Slavery knowledge. No inconsiderable portion of the donations that last year's Fair, was derived from the Farmer, the Mechanic, the Merchant, and the Manufacturer. Will they not be as generous now as then, and each give ungrudgingly and liberally that which he has to bestow? Articles that cannot readily be transported to the Fair, may, with a little effort, be converted into money, or exchanged for goods that can be car-

ried. Those who wish to aid in this work, need not be at a loss how to labour. Where Sewing Circles are not already in operation, may we not confidently hope they will speedily be organized, that their varied gifts of beautiful and fancy articles may not be wanting?

The special object of the proposed Fair is to aid the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and all funds there received will be placed in its Treasury—no goods are solicited, and none will be sold for the benefit of any other object. Those who are willing to assist this Society in sustaining its various agencies for promoting Anti-Slavery agitation, for hastening the redemption of the enslaved, are earnestly invited to join us. We labour, not for the advancement of any political party—for the furtherance of any measures that involve the aid of brute force. It is by the strength of moral power we would tear down the strongholds of oppression—it is by establishing righteous principles we would secure for all an inheritance of Freedom. If you who profess to be the friends of the slave, are really with us in this contest between Truth and Error—between Slavery and Liberty—we shall expect your cordial co-operation.

The Fair will be held at the time and place of the next Annual Meeting.

J. ELIZABETH JONES, Sales, BETH MEYER, Auctioneer, JESSE M. COWLES, Auctioneer, SARETH BROWN, New Lyme, ELIZA HOLMES, Columbus, MARIA L. GIDDINGS, Jefferson, LYDIA IRISH, New Lisbon, JANE D. MCNEAL, Greene, REBECCA S. THOMAS, Marlboro, MARIA WHITMORE, Andover, MARY DONALDSON, Cincinnati, ELIZABETH STEPMAN, Randolph, HANNAH C. THOMAS, M. Union, CLARISSA G. OLDS, Unionville, ANN WALKER, Leesville, SARAH B. DUGDALE, Green Plain, PHEBE ANN CARROLL, Ravenna, HARRIET N. TORREY, Parkman, ELLEN CLARK, Wadsworth.

FIFTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

The undersigned, earnestly desiring the abolition of Slavery, have been led, by the strength of their wish, carefully to consider what means may be found sufficient for the accomplishment of this great and holy object. They find that Slavery exists through the selfishness, the ignorance, the cowardice, the hypocrisy of the people. If the nation could be made more conscientious, disinterested, courageous, enlightened, and true to its own political and religious principles, the work were done. Until enough nobility of spirit can be awakened in the land to make the clergyman, the farmer, the lawyer, the mechanic, the merchant and the politician willing to renounce their hopes of worldly success, and see their respective careers of individual advancement closed up, apparently forever, by their allegiance to Freedom—it is the women of the land feel themselves disgraced by their indifference to such a cause as this;—to make the Christians and citizens of the land willing to bear the suffering and odium consequent upon an adherence to right against law and custom;—until the entire slaveholding South be transformed into a land of free men, and the Southern slaveholders are upheld in their sin by the powerful support of Christian fellowship, social sanction, and civil participation.

We determine, therefore, to strike at once at the root of Slavery by appealing to the hearts and consciences of all men, and widening their allegiance from such shameful cruelty and wrong, by the continual presentation of the paramount claims of Freedom and Humanity. Union being strength, that fact decides us to co-operate with any who sincerely prove them to be trustworthy; who make the abolition of Slavery their chief object; and who, in addition to their honesty of purpose, have sense and sagacity enough to make them safe coadjutors, by securing them from becoming the prey of the selfish set of hypocritical adventurers that every moral revolution calls forth. We find such a sufficient and trustworthy body of workers in the American Anti-Slavery Society, and in the friends of the cause, who are in the habit of close observation of its rights principles and uncompromising practical workings, assure us that it has the elements of success. It continually sends forth lecturers to enforce the principles of justice and humanity among the people, and in a few years is found to have exercised a controlling influence on the good throughout the country. It dictates the course and bends the policy of every political party; and, speaking as it does from a height above their selfish personal struggles, its words of everlasting truth are heard, and more and more obeyed. While calling on all to unite with it, it has ever been the enemy and the foe of its progress, been free without license, and elective without invidiousness. It is not too much to say in its praise, that its cause and its course repel all but the wise, the good, and the bold from active co-operation with it. It has ever been the hand that has approached it to make it the instrument of any selfish purpose. It has no local attachments, no partisan or sectarian partialities, no hidden aim, no double purpose; while, at the same time, every observer notices how happily its labours prepare the way for every good work of reform, and how it has been the great principle of individual individual reform, without awaiting the gradualisms of party politics, legislative action, and judicial decision, is one of universal application.

This, therefore, is the mode of operation, which commands itself to our reason and feelings. The cause of the slave is the cause of the oppressed, and the oppressed are the ones that we wish to sustain. The periodicals that such an association employs are the ones that we wish to circulate. In the councils of such a body where all persons have equal rights of membership, the whole collective energy, and judgment are concentrated, and the chances and means of success consequently doubled.

Hence we find it to be our duty, in preparing for the FIFTEENTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR to commence in FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, on Thursday, DECEMBER 21st, to devote the funds then raised to sustain the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, in its sacred work of moral agitation and revolution in behalf of the enslaved, and confidently appeal to all good hearts EVERYWHERE, in aid of so noble an enterprise.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN, For the Committee.

[The names of the Committee not having been received in season for this paper, will appear next week.]

All persons desiring the privilege of co-operating with us in this joyful and holy work, are informed that the pecuniary value of donations of money and materials, is doubled to the cause through the means of the Bazaar, by the care, skill, and ingenuity which are entrusted with their management. Supplies for the refreshment table are particularly desired.

Friends of the cause aware of the advantages accruing to it from the Liberty Bell, are requested to forward their donations and articles immediately, or as soon as convenient.

Friends in England, Scotland, and Ireland, are requested to address their contributions as usual, to MARIA W. CHAPMAN, care of A. W. Weston, 21 Cornhill, Boston. Contributions and letters from the American side of the Atlantic, hitherto addressed to M. W. Chapman, may be addressed to ANNE W. WESTON.

Communications from friends in the country respecting lodgings for ladies intending to furnish tables, should be addressed to ELIZA F. MERIAM, Boston.

Members of the Committee who will be in Europe during the remainder of the year, will be most happy to receive donations for

Miscellany.

From Howitt's Journal.

LAMARTINE.

(Translated from the French of M. de Cormenin.)

BY GOODWYN BARNEY.

"In loving, praying, singing, see my life."

LAMARTINE, 1820.

"Social labour is the daily and obligatory work of every one who participates in the perils and benefits of society."

LAMARTINE, 1839.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE was born at Mâcon, the 21st of October, 1790: his family name was De Prat; he has lately taken the name of his maternal uncle. His father was major of a regiment of cavalry under Louis XVI., his mother was daughter of Madame des Rois, under governor of the Princes of Orleans. Attached to the old order of things, his family was broken down by the Revolution, and his most early recollections carried themselves back to a sombre jail, where he went to visit his father. Those most wicked days of terror passed over, and M. de Lamartine retired to an obscure estate at Milly, where his young years calmly glided away. The remembrance of the domestic serenity of his first days has never been effaced from his mind, and at many a later time of his life, as a traveller, and as a poet, he has invoked the sweet images of that humble tower of Milly, with its seven linden trees, his aged father, his grave and affectionate mother, his sisters who were nourished at the same womanly bosom, and those grand trees full of shade, those fields, those mountains, and those valleys, the mute witnesses of the games of a free and happy childhood.

"My mother," says he somewhere, "received from her mother, on the pillow of death, a beautiful Bible, belonging to the Crown, in which she taught me to read when I was a little child. That Bible had engravings on sacred subjects in every page.—When I had recited my lesson well, and read with few errors, the half page of Sacred History, my mother uncovered the engraving, and holding the book open to my knees, prompted me to look, and explained it to me for my recompense. The silvery affectionate sound, solemn and passionate of her voice, added to all that which she said, a powerful, charming, and love-like accent, which rings again at this moment in my ear, as if she were still alive, and I were still reading to her. I have often thought of the beautiful child, with large blue eyes, who was to be Lamartine! Do you not see him leaning on the knees of his mother, listening to her speech, opening his mind to all the harmonies of oriental nature, and drawing from the book of books his first instincts of poetry."

Soon was the child obliged to quit his paternal roof; they sent him to finish his education at Belley, in the college of the Fathers of the Faith. The religious germs which were sown by his mother, developed themselves strongly, in that manly solitude of the cloister; the beautiful mode of Jocelyn is full of reminiscences imprinted by the calm and austere life of that holy residence.

After his departure from college, M. de Lamartine passed some time at Lyons, made a first brief excursion into Italy, and came to Paris during the last days of the empire. Brought up in the hatred of the imperial regime, M. de Lamartine made his entry into the world without well-knowing to which side he should turn his steps. Far from maternal care, forgetful sometimes of those severe precepts inculcated in his youth, the young man, they say, gave himself up to a little dissipation, and was dividing his hours between study and the distractions incident to his age, gadding off to make merry with Jussieu in the wood of Vincennes, and cutting into whistles the bark of oaks; while dreaming already of literary, especially of dramatic glory, and well received by Talma, who was pleased to hear him recite, with his vibrating and melancholy voice, the unpublished fragments of a tragedy on Saul.

In 1813, the poet re-visited Italy; the greater part of his "Meditations" were inspired by its beautiful sky, and that delicious page of the "Harmonies" entitled "First Love," was sounded forth, it is believed, by some sweet first mystery of the heart buried within a tomb. At the fall of the empire he offered his services to the ancient race, who had had the blood and the love of his fathers, and was entered in a company of the guards.

After the Hundred Days, M. de Lamartine quitted the service. One passion absorbed him entirely—that passion made his glory. Love came and agitated the fountain of poetic which slumbered in the depths of his soul. It was useful to open a passage for the gushing wave. The object of his previous passion, the loved Elvira, was snatched from his arms by death. She lived again in his verses. Lamartine sung to give eternity to her name, and France consecrated him poet.

This was in 1820. The mythologic, descriptive, and refined versifiers of the Voltairian school, had so completely murdered poetry, that one wished for no more. A young man, scarcely recovered from the cruel illness, his visage pale by suffering, and covered with a veil of sickness, on which could be read the loss of a worshipped being, went timidly hawking about, from bookseller to bookseller, a poor little copy book of verses, wet with tears. Everywhere they politely shifted off the poets and the poet. At last a bookseller, less prudent, or perhaps engaged by the infinite grace of the young man, decided to accept the MS. so often refused. The good-natured bookseller was, I believe, named Nicole. Thanks to you, M. Nicole. Posterity owes you a remembrance. Who knows, but that without you, the discouraged poet would perhaps have hurled into the flames his precious treasure, and the world might have lost Lamartine.

The book was printed, and thrown, without name, without interest, on that stormy sea, which then as now swallowed up so many thousand volumes.—You remember the modest 18mo., thrown perhaps by chance into your hands, when you were fifteen, with a hopeful soul and a loving heart. No name, no preface, nothing pastoral, nothing warlike, nothing noisy—"Poetic Meditations" only. You have opened it carelessly; you have glanced at the first two lines—

Often on the mountain by an ancient oak-tree brown,
At the setting of the sun I have lain me sadly down.

You have found that it is not very bad. You have continued—you are arrived at the last stanza—

When falls into the meadow the autumn forest leaf,
The evening breeze uplifts it, and whisks it to the vale,
And I, alas, resemble that fading leaf of grief,
Like it, I am borne along by the stormy northern gale.

Your soul is moved; you have proceeded further, the emotion is redoubled; you have gone on to the very end, and then you have raised a loud cry of admiration, you have wept, you have hid up the book under your cushion, that you may re-read it again; for that chaste, melancholy, and veiled love, it was yours; that doubt, it was yours; that thought, sometimes smiling, sometimes funeral, passing from despair to hope, from dejection to enthusiasm, from the Creator to the creature; a thought, vague, uncertain, and floating, it was your thought—to you, to us, to all, it was the thought of the age, which had been hived up in the depths of the soul, and which at last had found a language and a form; and what form? A rhythm of celestial melody, a ringing verse full of cadence, and sound which vibrates as sweetly as an Eolian harp, trembling in the evening breeze.

Everything possible has been said on this first work of the poet's. All the world knows by heart the "Ode to Byron," the "Evening," the "Lake and Autumn." In four years, 45,000 copies of the "Meditations" were circulated. Five years afterwards the sublime voice of "René" found an harmonious echo, and with one bound only, M. de Lamartine placed himself on the same pedestal, by the side of the demi-gods of the epoch, Chateaubriand, Goethe, and Byron.

This literary success, the most brilliant of the age since the *Genius of Christianity*, opened M. de Lamartine the career of a diplomatist. Attached to the embassy at Florence, he departed for Tuscany, and there in its land of inspiration, in the midst of the splendours of an Italian festival, it is said that he heard a foreign voice—a tender and melodious voice, murmuring in his ears, these verses of the "Meditations"—

A hopeless return of the bliss which has flown,
Perhaps in the future is stored for me still,
And perhaps in the crowd a sweet spirit unknown,
Will answer me kindly and know my soul well.

The soul of the poet was known, he found a second Elvira, and some months after he became the happy husband of a young and rich English woman, entirely smitten with his person and his fame.

From that time to 1825, the poet resided successively at Naples, as Secretary of the Embassy, some while in London in the same office, and then returned to Tuscany in the quality of a *Chargé d'Affaires*. In the interval, his fortuitous meeting with the daughter of his marriage, increased again through the inheritance of an opulent uncle, but neither diplomacy nor the splendours of an aristocratic existence were able to tear M. de Lamartine from the worship of poetry.

The "Second Meditations" appeared in 1823.—There was noticed in this new collection, a more correct, more balanced, more precise versification.—The poet had been abroad in the domain of the soul. Grand historic facts had furnished him with noble inspirations. The "Ode to Bonaparte," "Sappho," "The Prelude," and the "Dante" were admitted. This volume was also well followed by the "Sketch of Socrates," and by the last canto of the "Pilgrimage of Childe-Harold." In these verses, intended to complete the epic of Byron, the poet finished with an eloquent tirade on the abasement of Italy:—

Pardon me, shade of Rome! for seek I must
Elsewhere for men, and not in humankind.

This apostrophe appeared offensive to Colonel Pépé, a Neapolitan officer. In the name of his country he demanded satisfaction from Lamartine. The poet defended his poetry with the sword, and received a severe wound, which for a long while put his life in danger. When scarcely recovered he hastened to intercede with the Grand Duke in favour of his adversary.

After having in 1825 published the "Song of the Sacred," the poet returned to France in 1829, and in the month of May of the same year, appeared the "Harmonies, Poetic and Religious." In that work, the intimate revelation of his every day thought, M. de Lamartine puts everything into measure. That sweet hymn of "First Love" (verba novissima), the poet had run over that poetical gamut which, flowing from reveries, mounted as high as enthusiasm, or descended as low as despair. Less accessible to the vulgar on account of his psychological intuition, and thrown besides into the midst of a great political commotion, the "Harmonies" remained the book of classic souls, the book which they loved to look over in the silent hours when they collected themselves, to listen for the inward voice.

M. de Lamartine was received at the Academy, and when the Revolution of July broke out, he departed for Greece in the character of Minister Plenipotentiary. The new Government offered to preserve him his title. He refused, but remained to say farewell to three generations of kings, forced by fatality to a new exile. Like M. de Chateaubriand, the poet dreamed that after the three days, there would be an alliance of the past and future, over the head of a child. Destiny decided otherwise. His tribute of sympathy once paid to the unfortunate king, M. de Lamartine dashed gallantly into the new sea opened to the mind by the Revolution of July.

"The past is nothing more than a dream," said he, "we must regret it, but we ought not to lose the day in weeping to no purpose. It is always lawful, always honourable, for one to take his share in the unhappiness of others, though he ought not gratuitously to take his share in a fault which one has not committed. * * * He should return into the ranks of his fellow-citizens, to think, to speak, to act, to fight, with his country—the family of families."

Here then commenced the revelation of a tendency in M. de Lamartine, until then unperceived. "In loving, praying, singing, see my life," said the happy lover of Elvira, but lo! after having led us to the threshold of the mysterious sanctuary of the heart, whereof he knew all the secrets, M. de Lamartine, smitten with a love for the outward life, aspires to the storms of the tribune, descends the heights of the empyrean to enter the forum, and wears the parliamentary toga as well as the poetic robe. His first step in this new career was marked by a check. The electors of Toulon and Dunkirk refused him their suffrages. They had not forgotten the discouraging words which were addressed by him to their vassal, the poet Barthélemy. The poet, however, by an epistle sparkling with beauties, in which, from the height of his glory M. de Lamartine crushed the author of "Nemesis."

Some while afterward he decided upon putting into execution the project of his whole life, and on the 20th of May, 1842, he was at Marseilles, ready to embark for Asia.

After a travel of six months, M. de Lamartine returned from the East, with great ideas, and a beautiful book, a treasury of thoughts, which he had lost there his only child, his fate, whom the noble heart of the father, and of the poet wept for, like Rachel who would not be comforted. The book of M. de Lamartine had a very confined success. It seems as if the critics, and the public had taken in earnest the modest lines of the preface, in which the author cheapened his work, but, although unsatisfactory to the public, to the critics, and to M. de Lamartine, those pages do not appear so negligent to us, as they were said or believed to be. Apart from the justness, more or less contestable, of the political views, it is certain that if rich in style, in elevation of thought, freshness of imagery, and besides all that, a rapid and varied succession of scenes the most moving, constitute a beautiful work, the "Travels in the East," is a book which will not die.

Religion, History, Philosophy, Politics, each contribute to this book. Let us try to analyse it rapidly. At first we see a man, rendered happy by glory, by opulence, by the heart, by sacred affection of the domestic fireside, by the sympathies and admiration of the crowd, who bids aside to all which he loves, takes by the hand his wife and his daughter, equips a vessel and entrusts to the waves those portions of his heart; and all this because when a child, he read the Bible on his mother's knees, and that commanding voice of God, "I have said, and it shall be done," and he has obeyed, where Christ wept, go, sleep beneath the palm where Jacob slept! And then when the anchor is weighed, when the wind filled the sails, how people followed with anxiety the ship that bore a noble woman, a gracious child, and the poetic fortune of France. How they read with pleasure all the details of interior arrangements. How they loved the anxieties of the husband and father,—that crew of sixteen men who belonged body and soul to the poet, that library of five hundred volumes, that tent raised at the foot of the mainmast, that arsenal of guns of pistols, and of swords, and those four cannon charged with barrel shot. "I have to defend two lives which are dearer to me than my own," said M. de Lamartine, with mingled solicitude and fierceness. In the passage from Marseilles to Beyruth, the voyager wrote his book day by day, at the back part of his cabin, or at evening on the deck amid the rolling of the vessel. It is a varied mosaic, confused but attractive, with moral reflections, with religious looking backward at the past, with babblings of the present, with thoughts thrown towards the future; the whole intermingled with landscapes, Claude Lorraine. The poet notes as he passes the ship flies, the waves flow, and meandering valleys, mountains, monuments, men, sea, and sky, all are seized and fixed by the aid of a goose-quill, and described with an inexpressible charm. The interest goes on increasing. The varied episodes of maritime and oriental life accumulate. Nothing is deficient in the drama—not even the catastrophe. For each time that the name or image of Julia comes over the pen of M. de Lamartine, they cause an oppression of the heart, and we sympathize with the passionate account of a father, who broods with love over his beautiful child, and is pleased to impart her to a Detached from amid all those harsh and masculine figures, her locks unbound and falling on her white robe, her beautiful rosy face, happy and gay, surrounded with a sailor's straw hat tied under her chin, playing with the white cat of the captain, or with a nest of sea pigeons, woke up as they were sleeping on the carriage of a cannon, while she furnished crumbs of bread to their taste."

Alas! now we behold the coast of Asia, we see Laisus, we see Beyruth, the fatal town, the town in which Julia died. The voyager disembarks. He buys five houses for his wife and daughter. He leaves them to enjoy all the magnificent life of a life, and departs for Jerusalem, with his own escort of twenty horsemen. The sheiks of the tribes come to meet him. All the towns open to him their gates; and their governors answer for his safety with their heads, according to the will of Ibrahim Pacha. Lady Stanhope, that miniature Semiramis, half sublime, and half foolish, predicted him marvelous destinies, and the Arabs, delighted with his bold and imposing figure, tall in height, straight, and sparkling with arms, of which he passed at a gallop, with twenty horsemen, over the desert, he led the head to him they called the Frank Emir, the French Prince, or simply the Emir, who was that poor poet who had hitherto vainly prayed the oil merchants and the manufacturers of sugar from beet root, to please to open for him the doors of the chambers.

He should never finish if we were to stay as we wish over all these beautiful pages each of which is in itself a picture. Is there in the world a scene more gracious, more picturesque or more novel than this? M. de Lamartine is reclining upon the odorous slopes of Carmel, in the finest vegetation in the earth, by the side of Lilla, that beautiful daughter of Arab, whose long farlocks falling over her naked bosom, were braided on her head in a thousand tresses, which rested on her bare shoulders amid a confused mingling of flowers, or golden sequins, and of scattered peals. All at once there came mounted on a swift charger, one of the most celebrated poets of Arabia, and the Arab, who had been apprized that he should meet there a western brother, and he is come to meet with him. Our poet accepts the defiance.—The child of Asia, and the child of Europe, collected themselves, and rivalled each other as to who should find the most harmonious chaunt to celebrate the beauty of Lilla. The mean and shrill tongue of our France entered into the lists with the supple and harmonious language which Job, and Antares spoke, but thanks to M. de Lamartine, France was not vanquished.

It is amid like enchantments that the poet leads us in his train, across Greece, Syria, Judea, Turkey, and Servia. There is as if dazzled by all their fairy passages, and by all these scenes of war, of peace, of grief, of joy, of repose, of love, which it sees on all sides fit before it. The itinerary of Chateaubriand is at the same time the book of a poet, of an historian, and of a philosopher, in which he examines the ruins of centuries, and enquires of them if they possess the secret of the times which live no more. That which is prominently in relief in the work of Lamartine, in spite of Lamartine himself, is the poet. His work is pre-eminently that of a religious and political philosopher, exploring the beauties under all its forms, seeking in life all its splendours, in art all its promises.

Soon the traveller thought of returning. The Dunkirkers had despatched him, over the sea, a legislative commission. He prepared himself for departure, sad and broken hearted; for the same ship which had borne his beloved Julia thither, racing, laughing, and joyous on its deck, had to recross the ocean, carrying the poor child, cold and sleeping in a shroud. To say himself and the mother of his child, to the poet, was a cruel and a heart-rending scene. Lamartine returned to France in another vessel.

On the 4th of January, 1834, he appeared for the first time, at the tribune in the discussion on the address. Which will he be? said they. Will he be Legitimist or Radical? Right-centre, or left-centre, third party, or just-milieu? He preferred to be Lamartine. Refusing himself all political classification, he spoke of justice, of morality, of tolerance, of humanity, in the special language which God has given to poets. The lawyers of the Chamber judged him a little vague, the matter-of-fact men found him too diffuse, the statesmen declared him impractical, and the public, who were not so much interested in the emotion which ever attends a noble and harmonious speech when it emanates from the heart of a good man.

Since his entry to the Chamber, M. Lamartine has not abandoned the worship of his first, his most glorious years. He has attempted to march in rank, the inspirations of the poet, and the duties of the deputy. In 1835 he published, the poem of "Jocelyn," a magnificent picture of passion sacrificed to duty. For the first time he invoked the aid of modern history and dramatic position, brilliant auxiliaries which served him with kindness. Criticism has reproached him with inconsistency of style, and negligence in the texture of his work, but the public again found its poet, whole as ever, in the beautiful pages which reflected the rugged and savage nature of the mountains of Dauphiny.—After Jocelyn, Lamartine gave us, the "Fall of an Angel," the second episode of that vast epic, with which he was inspired by the east.

This was followed by his poetic recollections.—These works were not so well received by the critics, and in the introduction to the latter, M. de Lamartine professed to despise mere poetic activity, and to aspire to social labour for the advancement of society. At the same time that Lamartine thus met unaccustomed repulsions in the literary world, he grew greater at the tribune. The Oriental question furnished him with an occasion for developing his ideas on the bases of a new European system. A warm and eloquent attack on the punishment of death; some generous words in favour of foundlings; a beautiful improvisation in which he contended for classical studies against a rough jester, M. Arago, who combatted for science, made Lamartine known in the rank of a chief of a column, collected around him a little band of choice men, and this aggregation was decorated with the name of the Social Party.

What then is this social party? What moreover is the political idea of Lamartine? Placed outside the times, the interests, and the men of yesterday, the political system of the poet it is difficult to succinctly and precisely analyze. To the eyes of Lamartine, in the various commotions which has agitated France since '89, there was not only a political and local revolution, but also a revolution, social and universal. These partial overturnings were nothing but the prelude to a general transformation, and the laws of nature in him to be soon called to a complete regeneration in his successors, and his laws. Under this point of view, the doctrine of Lamartine approaches that of St. Simon. He repudiates not this likeness. He has proclaimed it some while before. "St. Simonism," said he, "has something in it of the true, of the grand, and of the fruitful, the application of Christianity to political society, and the legislating in favour of human fraternity. In this point of view I am a St. Simonian. That which was deficient in that eclipsed sect, was not the idea, was not the disciples: it wanted only a chief, a master, a regulator. The organizers of St. Simonism deceived themselves in declaring, once and for all, against family, against property, and against the world. They were wrong, the world by the power of a word. They converted, they agitated they worked, and they changed, but when an idea is not practicable it is not presentable to the social world.

There remains to be known, however, what is the practical system which M. Lamartine presents to the social world, that system he thus expresses: You say that all is dead, that there no longer exists either faith or belief. There is a faith,—that faith is the general reason, the word is its organ, the press is its apostle; it wishes to remake in its image, religious civilizations, societies and laws. It desires in the end, God one and perfect as the *Logos*: eternal moral law, and charity as the end of all, and the worship—in politics humanity above nationalities—in legislation man equal to man, man brother of man, Christianity made law. Such is the political testament of Lamartine. That which the poet himself desires, that is to say universal fraternity, and a terrestrial paradise, is truly what all the world wishes as well as himself. The question is to know by what practical means the world is to be placed in this position.

It is in connection with exterior politics, Lamartine's thought is not more practicable, but it is more near and precise. It may thus be reduced to its most simple expression. * * * Europe is gorged with inactive capacities and powers, which imperiously demand social employment; but at the same time when the excess of life overflows among us, there is working in the East a crisis of an inverted order. A grand vacuum offers itself there for the overplus of European faculty and population.—What is to be done then is to turn upon Asia the surplus of Europe. How is this idea to be actualized? Lamartine says, "I have to defend two lives which are dearer to me than my own," said M. de Lamartine, with mingled solicitude and fierceness. In the passage from Marseilles to Beyruth, the voyager wrote his book day by day, at the back part of his cabin, or at evening on the deck amid the rolling of the vessel. It is a varied mosaic, confused but attractive, with moral reflections, with religious looking backward at the past, with babblings of the present, with thoughts thrown towards the future; the whole intermingled with landscapes, Claude Lorraine. The poet notes as he passes the ship flies, the waves flow, and meandering valleys, mountains, monuments, men, sea, and sky, all are seized and fixed by the aid of a goose-quill, and described with an inexpressible charm. The interest goes on increasing. The varied episodes of maritime and oriental life accumulate. Nothing is deficient in the drama—not even the catastrophe. For each time that the name or image of Julia comes over the pen of M. de Lamartine, they cause an oppression of the heart, and we sympathize with the passionate account of a father, who broods with love over his beautiful child, and is pleased to impart her to a Detached from amid all those harsh and masculine figures, her locks unbound and falling on her white robe, her beautiful rosy face, happy and gay, surrounded with a sailor's straw hat tied under her chin, playing with the white cat of the captain, or with a nest of sea pigeons, woke up as they were sleeping on the carriage of a cannon, while she furnished crumbs of bread to their taste."

Alas! now we behold the coast of Asia, we see Laisus, we see Beyruth, the fatal town, the town in which Julia died. The voyager disembarks. He buys five houses for his wife and daughter. He leaves them to enjoy all the magnificent life of a life, and departs for Jerusalem, with his own escort of twenty horsemen. The sheiks of the tribes come to meet him. All the towns open to him their gates; and their governors answer for his safety with their heads, according to the will of Ibrahim Pacha. Lady Stanhope, that miniature Semiramis, half sublime, and half foolish, predicted him marvelous destinies, and the Arabs, delighted with his bold and imposing figure, tall in height, straight, and sparkling with arms, of which he passed at a gallop, with twenty horsemen, over the desert, he led the head to him they called the Frank Emir, the French Prince, or simply the Emir, who was that poor poet who had hitherto vainly prayed the oil merchants and the manufacturers of sugar from beet root, to please to open for him the doors of the chambers.

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accomplishes all these things in twenty years, and with the stroke of a pen. Another ten centuries, and perhaps this audacious Utopia will become a memorial right. This goes to the world! While the crowd is patiently forced to enlarge the wheel-rim deepened by the generations passed, expecting that it will leave to the generations to come the continuation of its work, the poet, intrepid and indefatigable enlightener! raises himself to his height above the times, and cries to the crowd, "Come to me." "I have not thy wings," answers the crowd. The poet, uncomprehended takes his flight, and the crowd which could not comprehend, returns to its work.

In a later analysis, there is in the exceptional position of Lamartine, amid the parties and ambitions which divide the country and the Chamber, a character of dignity and grandeur, which well becomes the poet. Notwithstanding his speech is vague, indecisive, and ill at ease, in the narrow and perplexed questions, which each session sees born and die, yet that speech enlarges, fortifies, and unrolls itself harmoniously coloured and imposing, whenever it has to vindicate the rights of intelligence, or defend the eternal principles of honour, of morality, and of charity, on which rest all human society.—We recall that stormy day when a late minister had to resist nearly alone the united efforts of the most powerful orators of the Chamber. The late minister succumbed. Lamartine believed he saw in the energy of the attack, and the spirit of systematic hostility, of obstinacy, of rancour. His poet's heart was indignant; he descended into the arena re-established the combat, and made an appeal to the country to decide the victory. That influence which Lamartine sometimes exercises in the debates of the Chamber is less due to the eminent oratorical faculties which he possesses, than to the morality of his life, to the elevated instincts of his nature, and above all to the calm, disinterested, independent, and noble attitude, which he has ever preserved since his entry into the political career.

The poet of Lilla has in his general appearance something which recalls Byron. There is the same beauty of face and look, there are the same habits of elegance and dandyism, the same *tournoi*, a little trimmed, a little English perhaps, but perfectly noble and distinguished! If you join to this to complete the resemblance, the train of a great lord, a sumptuous hotel, horses of a pure race, a magnificent chateau, you can then conclude since Tasso and Camoens, the times are a little changed, and that one is permitted in our days to be a great poet without dying in an hospital.

With the late political position of M. de Lamartine the public is familiar. The longer he has sat in the Chamber of Deputies the more he has ceased to withdraw his confidence from the King and Guizot, to oppose them, and to warn the country of the necessity of a firm stand for liberty.—For this his eloquence has been zealously and splendidly exerted in the Chamber; for this he has established the *Journal Ben Public*; but above all, for this he has written his great work the history of the Girondins, which has unquestionably done more than any other cause of the era of the Revolution. During the paroxysm of this great and wonderful change, Lamartine has maintained all expectations formed of him. Wise, firm, benevolent, and disinterested, he resisted the rash claims, while he has advocated the just ones of the people. To him, perhaps, more than any other of the present leaders of France, is owing that so stupendous a crisis has been passed with so little outrage, and so much noble forbearance. His power upon the multitude in its most agitated moments reminds us of that of Cicero. From his true Christian faith, and the high and generous principles which he has derived from it, we look for the introduction not only of greater stability in the Government, but for a higher policy both domestic and foreign than has yet distinguished state morality.

From the London Punch.

THE MODEL BABY.

It is the image of its father, unless it is the very picture of its mother. It is the best tempered little thing in the world, never crying but in the middle of the night, or screaming but when it is being washed. It is astonishing how quiet it is whilst feeding. It understands everything, and proves its love for learning, by tearing the leaves out of every book, and grasping at the engravings. It is the cleverest child that ever was born, and says "papa," or something very like it, when scarcely a month old. It takes early to the study of the alphabet, and is able to read. It has only one complaint, and that is the wind; but it is frequently troubled with it. It is the most wonderful child that was ever seen, and would swallow both its tiny fists, if it was not for a habit of choking. It dislikes leaving home, rarely stopping on a visit longer than a day. It has a strange hostility for its nurse's caps and nose, which it will clutch and hold with savage tenacity, if in the least offended. It is never happy but in its mother's arms, especially if it is being nursed by a gentleman. It prefers to be in the cradle, which it never leaves longer than it can help. It is very playful, delighting in pulling the table-cloth off, or knocking the china ornaments off the mantelpiece, or upsetting its food on somebody's lap. It invents a new language of its own, almost before it can speak, which is perfectly intelligible to its parents, though Greek to every one else. It is not fond of public entertainments, invariably crying before it has been at one five minutes. It dislikes treachery in any shape, and repels the spoonful of sugar if it fancies there is a powder at the bottom of it. Medicine is its greatest horror, next to cold water. It has no particular love for dress, generally tearing to shreds the raiment piece by piece, and especially, as soon as it is put on. It inquires deeply into every thing, and is very penetrating in the construction of a drum, the economy of a work-box, or the anatomy of a doll, which it likes all the better without any head or arms. It has an intuitive hatred of a doctor, and fights with all its legs, and hands, and first teeth, against his endeavours. It has a most extraordinary taste for colours, imbibing them greedily in every shape, more especially from the wooden tenants of Noah's Ark, which are to be found in the mouth of every baby. In fact, there never was a child like it, and the Model Baby proves this by surviving the thousand years of the experience of rival grandmothers and mothers-in-law, and outliving to the athletic age of kilts and bare legs, the villainous compounds of Godfrey and Dalby, and the whole poison-chest of Elixirs, Carminatives, Cordials, and Pills, which babies are physically heir to.

From Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper.

PLAYING AT POVERTY.

Louis Philippe is, it must be allowed, an accomplished actor—a truly great comedian. The reputation he has acquired upon the throne of France as a perfect player, is not likely to be lessened by his efforts before a small and humble audience—at the Theatre Rural Claremont. A writer in the *Cambridge Advertiser* gives a somewhat particular account of the doings of his histrionic Majesty:—

We have just visited the neighbourhood, [Claremont] where we have learned on unquestionable authority, that in single French comedy, as in the *Comedie Francaise*, the ex-Queen and himself during the first month, has been discontinued, and the only expense of that kind ventured upon is the hire of three cabs on a Sunday morning, to convey the family to the Roman Catholic chapel at Weybridge. The whole of the household, chiefs and dependents, dine together. Everything, including the table at once without a single removal. There is only one servant in attendance in the room. The descendants of Charlemagne wait upon themselves and on each other.

We have heard, too, that from time to time a bracelet, or some article of jewelry, is sent about in high life for a purchaser, that the proceeds of the royal property may minister to royal wants. Very touching is the history of these transactions, the vulgar object of which is to transmute diamonds into daily mutton. And certes, we should consider these straits of fortune with at least respect, did we believe in their absolute necessity. But we look upon them as only the fine-by-play of a consummate actor, who, in the three cabs as used as quiet, yet touching appeals to the compassion of France; the small allowance of wine and limited dessert may stir the heart of the Republic to consider a design of sequestration. We believe that the Count de Neuilly plays the pauper for the benefit of his children; and therefore his acting has, at least, a better justification than his previous tragic-comedy. For ourselves, it is our faith that the shade of Charlemagne is not much discomfited by the penury of his descendants; as a shade he doubtless knows better.

However, let us grant the truth of all this seeming privation—this apparent squalor. May we not ask of Majesty, with Apollo in the burlesque—

Have you no bowels for your own families?

Does the King of Belgium suffer no twinge of conscience, entering his own state carriage? Do not those three Weybridge cabs, like three witches, haunt him on his road from Leechen to Brussels? Can he not, from his own overflowing pocket, set up a Brougham—a constant Brougham—for his old father and mother-in-law, the single hired carriage being, perforce of poverty, discontinued? How too, can Leopold face his twenty footmen, thinking of the one servant of all work, waiting on the half-dozen descendants of Charlemagne?

Either the Count de Neuilly is playing at poverty, and will not have his part spoiled by the liberality of his son-in-law, or it must be owned that Kings and Dukes have not their own vulgar solicitude of common people for their poor relations.

For ourselves, we still hold to the belief that the Count's three hired cabs and other accessories of penury, are only to be considered as so many essentials to the farce—so many stage properties.

From the Cincinnati Chronicle.

THE "BARNBURNERS," AND "OLD-HUNKERS."

The origin of the term *Barnburners*, we believe, this:—In the State of New York it is well known that politics were for very many years arranged and directed by a class of men called the *Albany Regency*. They held the State offices, and parcelled out their own power, and their own domain. Of course in time began jealousy and opposition. The young and new members of the party could see neither justice nor propriety in this sort of political aristocracy; and many of the old ones, who had fought long unwarred, took sides with them. This manifested itself in the Legislature. A radical faction was formed, and the great point of dispute was, as it always has been, the offices. "Ah, said the radicals," what have these old fellows—these *hunkers*—to be forever sucking at the public crib, while not a cent remain for us?" This was a sore grievance and a trying time. What could be done? Nothing seemed possible. The *hunkers* held on with a grip of iron. They acted most emphatically on the doctrine that "a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush." At length, seeing there was no chance without force, a leader of the faction rose and said:

Mr. Speaker: I see that the gentlemen who hold the Regency power have taken their course, and are not to be moved by persuasion or entreaty; they are no other driven out at one corner than they come in at the other. I see no way to get them out but to serve them as some fellow did the rat. He was troubled excessively by rats in his barn; he tried all sorts of ways to get them out; he set traps for them, he got a terrier dog, he sent in a weasel, and he put poison in their way, but all in vain—no sooner did they go out one side than they came in the other. The traps they would not enter, the poison they would not eat. He resolved what he would do; he set fire to the barn, and burnt barn, rats, and all! This is what we will do, Sir. In the mastery language of the immortal Jefferson, Sir, "few men die and none resign." We must try a more summary method—we will burn the barn, rats, and all.

The Hunkers understood the game, and resolved to anticipate a little; so at the next election, when the great chief of the Barnburners (Silas Wright) was nominated, the Hunkers quickly gave him a stab under the fifth rib, and let him go with political death. "Vengeance!" then said the Barnburners. "Justice to Silas Wright now requires that we should immolate a hecatomb of rats." "The barn must be burnt!" And it was. Nothing but its ruins remain, whilst hundreds of Hunkers rats, all nicely fatted, expired in the flower of political martyrdom.

PASSION FOR SURGERY.

Theodore S. Fay, in a letter to the *Home Journal*, relates the following anecdote of Dieffenbach, the celebrated German Surgeon whose recent death has been deeply regretted by scientific men:

He was a small man, with a high, shrill voice, and nothing externally remarkable, except a pair of brilliant black eyes, and a good deal of dash and style in